

5 THE  
**SENTIMENTAL SAILOR**  
*OR ST. PREUX TO ELOISA*

AN ELEGY

In two Parts, with Notes.



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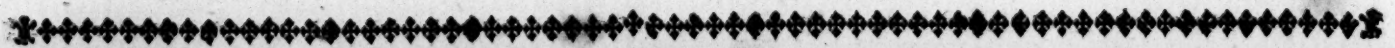
OF THE





T H E

SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.





1919

1970-1971



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*Eripitur nobis jampridem cara puella,  
Et tu me lacrimas fundere, amice, vetas?  
Possum ego in alterius positam spectare lacertis,  
Nec mea dicetur, quæ modo dicta, mea est?*

PROPERTIUS.

*Del vario stile in ch'io piango e ragiono,  
Fra le vane speranze, e'l van dolore;  
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,  
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.*

PETRARCA.

---



# JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU

WHOSE WRITINGS ARE AN HONOUR

WHOSE MISTORTUNES A SHAME TO EUROPE

WHOM POSTERITY WILL JUSTLY COMPENSATE FOR THE

INJUSTICE OF HIS TO LINGERS

WHOM GENEVA HAD ONCE THE HONOUR TO ACCOUNT HER CITIZEN

THE FOLLOWING FORM

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED



TO  
JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU,

WHOSE WRITINGS ARE AN HONOUR,  
WHOSE MISFORTUNES, A SHAME TO EUROPE;  
WHOM POSTERITY WILL AMPLY COMPENSATE FOR THE  
INJURIES OF HIS CO-TEMPORARIES;  
WHOM GENEVA HAD ONCE THE HONOUR TO ACCOUNT HER CITIZEN;

THE FOLLOWING POEM,

(IN GRATITUDE FOR PLEASURE RECEIVED FROM THE PERUSAL OF HIS WORKS)

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



# INTRODUCTION

WHOSE WAITING AND AN HONOUR

WHOSE MISTORTUNE A NAME TO SUIT

WHOM POSTERITY WILL AMPLY COMPENSATE FOR THE

INJURIES OF HIS CO-TEMPORARIES

TO CHAPTER WITH THE COMPASSION OF GENIUS

FROM GENIUS AND ONCE THE HONOUR TO RECOVER FOR HIM

TO CHAPTER WITH THE COMPASSION OF GENIUS

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# INTRODUCTION\*.

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**T**O embellish with taste the compositions of genius, is a talent which Rousseau possesses in a superior degree: Whether, declaiming in strains of the most sublime eloquence, he walks the academic grove;—or, glowing with the enthusiasm of benevolence, he breaks asunder the shackles of opinion;—or, seizing with the eye

\* It has been frequently observed, that a poem and a piece of music correspond, in many respects, with a wonderful affinity; but that a prelusive symphony is, perhaps, equally necessary for both, seems not to have been attended to. Is harmonious recitative necessary happily to introduce the air of an opera? And is no recitative, no preparation required, insensibly to inspire the mind with that voluptuous *abandon*, that sweet reverie which poetry demands? to determine the species, and to fix the tone of the poem; to open the imagination, and to render the soul feelingly alive to the delicate impressions of sensibility?



I N T R O D U C T I O N .

eye of fancy the true and the beautiful, he draws, with the hand of a master, nature in all her simplicity and elegance, "luxuriant yet modest, and true to virtue, though courted by the passions."

THE Author of the following Poem, his imagination still warm from a first reading of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, compelled, in a manner, by the irresistible impulse of awakened sensibility, has presumed to trace, though with a trembling hand, a few of the strokes, equally bold and delicate, of this celebrated writer. His theme is ST PREUX, passionate, vehement, tender, sentimental—making with Lord Anson the tour of the globe, to recover his distracted mind by the view of the grandest sight the eye of man can behold.—St Preux, full of that noble elevation, that *fiercé* of soul, natural to a great character depressed by fortune, but not the less conscious of its worth—St. Preux, constantly pursued by the image of his mistress, whom he cannot renounce,—seeing nothing in the universe but Eloisa, his lost, lost Eloisa.\*

WHAT a subject for elegy! but how dangerous to retouch a picture drawn by a Raphael, or a Corregio!

\* The name of Eloisa is preferred to that of Julia, for the reason assigned by the English Translator.



# I N T R O D U C T I O N. xi

THE story of the nightingale singing with her breast against a thorn, may, with sufficient propriety, be applied to the Muses. Poetry is never so flowing and harmonious, so universally pleasing and affecting, as when, inspired by deep distress, she utters, in the genuine language of nature, the voice of unavailing woe:—As when assuming the solemn and pensive air of a tender melancholy, she passes, with a delicate transition, from the tone of grief to that of joy; drawing, like the skilful musician, strains of the sweetest harmony from notes the most discordant\*.—Hence elegy; uniting, in a noble simplicity, all the charms of imagination and of sentiment.

HEROIC or familiar, passionate or tender, elegy admits of as much freedom and variety as any species of poetry. How comes it then that authors of high estimation complain that no kind of composition, since the revival of letters, has been less successfully cultivated? This is accounted for by the elegant Marmontel in his *Poétique Française*. “It is, says he, by having given a feeble sentiment

\* Haud secus oppositas sociat quam musica voces,  
Abfimilesque sonos, discordi fœdere, jungit.

*Pictura carmen. Auctore Marfy.*



“ timent the tone of a passionate one, that elegy has become insipid. There is nothing so spiritless as despair in cold blood. It has been thought that the pathetic lay in words; it lies *dans les tours, et dans les mouvements du style.*”—There are however a few modern elegies, though mostly under other titles, that yield not to the boasted models of antiquity.

THE lively imagination of the agreeable Ovid, the elegant precision of the sentimental Propertius, the passionate tenderness of the gentle Tibullus—these, united in one composition, would seem to promise a species of elegy, hitherto unattempted, but surely highly interesting.—This, however, will certainly be no easy matter to accomplish; for, “ passion rejects the embellishment of the graces; the graces are frightened away at the gloomy air of passion.” Description is apt to stifle sentiment, and sentiment to obscure description. The gradations, the shades, the transitions too, in this kind of poetry, require all the delicacy of masterly touches.

It is by no means intended to be insinuated that the following elegy is of this kind. That something however of the above plan the Author meant to follow, though



though to his very great peril, he scruples not to avow;—hoping that the difficulty, and even the novelty of the attempt, if he shall be thought to have failed, will, in some measure, plead his excuse.

THE intelligent reader will easily perceive that the Poem might have been swelled to a much larger size, its ground-work being extremely rich: But the reader of taste will not be surprized that he finds not the whole story of the *Nouvelle Heloise* in a performance of this nature;—this he will scarcely impute to the negligence of the author who meant not to exhaust his subject.

*Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto,\**

is a favourite maxim with the Prince of Poets; to which his successors in general seem to have paid too little regard.

Respecting the Notes annexed to the Poem, it may be proper to observe, that obscurity is highly incompatible with the chief object of poetry, which is, unquestionably, to please. Annotations seemed necessary to place in a proper

\* *Virg. Georg. Lib. II.*



xiv I N T R O D U C T I O N.

proper light many allusions to authors, not familiarly known to the generality of English readers; but which, from more than one letter in the *Nouvelle Heloise*, would appear to form no unlikely feature in the picture of St. Preux, circumstanced as he is supposed. These are thrown together at the end to prevent the disagreeable distraction which notes, at the foot of a page, especially in poetry, are apt to occasion.—For the rest, the author is so far from apologizing for them, that with Mr Addison\*, though with infinitely more propriety, he wishes his excerpts and quotations may not make the only good part of his performance.

AND respecting the title of the Poem (for, at this time, even that will not escape without stricture) the author can only say, that the SENTIMENTAL SAILOR, hackney'd as the epithet may be thought of late to have been, appeared to him to give some sort of idea of the nature of a performance which is not merely a love-elegy;—That had it been so, he must have little attended to the peculiar genius which characterizes the personage whose singular situation is attempted to be described, marked as it is with such originality by the Promethean hand of Rousseau :—And, lastly, that a title, however

\* In the Preface to his Travels.

unhappily



unhappily chosen, can never detract from the merit of a Work, if indeed it has any.

It has been said that the story of St. Preux and Eloisa is absurd, excentric, impossible. Let such critics however remember that love is not a cold and insipid galantry; but the strongest, and, when in despair, the most terrible of all the passions; putting the soul into tumults, and raising, not unfrequently, dreadful tempests in life; that under its powerful illusion the mind creates to itself another universe, filled with objects, and surrounded with images that exist not but in imagination.—In fine, let them read the following beautiful passage of an author, whose knowledge of human nature will not be disputed: “\*Amour! (it is Buffon who exclaims)

“Amour desir inné! Ame de la nature! principe in-  
 “epuisable d’existence! puissance souveraine qui peut  
 “tout, et contre laquelle rien ne peut, par qui tout  
 “agit, tout respire, et tout se renouvelle! divine  
 “flamme! —Amour! pourquoi fais tu l’etat-heureux  
 “de tous les etres, et le malheur de l’homme!”

\*Hist. Nat. Tom. 4.







THE  
SENTIMENTAL SAILOR;

O R,

St PREUX TO ELOISA.

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PART FIRST.

---

WHILE, hapless wand'rer, round the world I rove,  
The fool of Fortune, and the wretch of Love;  
While, robb'd of all on earth I fancied dear,  
Steals frequent down the unavailing tear ;  
To her for whom, in life's first happy morn,  
The soul congenial whisper'd I was born ;  
To her who keeps, a prey to hopeless fire,  
My prison'd soul in chains of young desire ;  
To her—from earth's last climes may these impart  
The bursting sigh, and pour the impassion'd heart.

A

I CAME,



I CAME, I saw—what thoughts tumultuous roll?  
 I saw the features of my kindred soul!  
 You spoke, I gaz'd—thro' ev'ry throbbing vein  
 I felt the vital current glide with pain.  
 —That angel form, where ev'ry grace combin'd  
 —In soft assemblage, spoke the angel mind;  
 That look, or pensive sad, or smiling gay,  
 Where sweetness shone with heart-alluring ray;  
 The dear idea, beaming purple light,  
 Still feeds the flame, and still attends my flight.

YOUNG, and a stranger to the guilty art,  
 I sought not to ensnare your tender heart.  
 No tears I shed—I stifled ev'ry sigh;  
 Like the limed bird, alas! I strove to fly;  
 In vain I strove—to rank, to fortune blind,  
 You said you priz'd the fortune of the mind.  
 “Ours be these joys the vulgar great despise,  
 “Ours happiness, the fortune of the wife.”

O TIME for ever past! O golden dream  
 Of joy, and hope, and happiness supreme!  
 —Can I forget the scene of Clarens' grove?  
 The blush of beauty, and the look of love?

That



That sweet simplicity devoid of art?  
 For gentlest pity form'd, the feeling heart?  
 Can I forget, by wayward fortune crost,  
 Departed joys for ever, ever lost?  
 —In luckless hour the fatal joy was found,  
 That leaves behind when lost, th' eternal wound.

WHY did I gaze? no titles grac'd my birth;  
 For me no coffers groan'd with shining earth;  
 For me, alas! in dreadful contrast join'd  
 A niggard fortune with a lofty mind.  
 Fool that I was to look, alas! so far  
 Above the height of my unhappy star!  
 To hope a nymph so peerless would incline  
 To worth so poor, to fate so mean as mine!

YOUR father came—a friend's officious zeal  
 Serves but to ruin, and our loves reveal.  
 Proud, brutal, fierce, indignant, storming, hears  
 The angry Baron, and refusal swears.

I AM not noble!—yet, Barbarian, know  
 No Gothic title merit can bestow.  
 The noble heart, to favour'd mortals given,  
 Alone is fashioned by the hand of heaven;

By



4 THE SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.

By heav'n ennobled is the man whose mind,  
Enlarg'd by science, honour's dictates bind.

BARBARIAN father! force with proud command,  
Without her heart, thy trembling daughter's hand!  
Mezentian punishment!—but I restore,  
Since ELOISA asks, the guilty power.

O ELOISA! woman! faithless kind!  
Light as the leaf that floats on Autumn's wind!  
Where now thy promis'd love? the projects where  
In secret form'd?—O destiny! despair!  
O rocks of Meillerie! where oft I stood  
Viewing, with wild regard, Geneva's flood;  
Why leapt I not from off the craggy steep,  
And whelm'd my sorrows in the friendly deep?  
This hated life, its value then unknown,  
I freely had resign'd without a groan.

BUT, but for thee, I all my life had spent  
In calm philosophy, in sweet content;  
I ne'er had deign'd to mark, in mind serene,  
Where rank'd my station in this giddy scene.

AH!



AH ! wherefore, wherefore to the wretch is given  
Strong sensibility by angry heaven ?

Ah ! wherefore only in the poet's dream,  
And ground poetic rolls Lethean stream ?  
How would it joy to fill the fatal cup !  
How would it joy to quaff oblivion up !

SINCE broke the spell, since fled the golden dream  
Of joy, and hope, and happiness supreme ;  
Inchantress false ! untwist the chains that bind,  
With powerful violence, my captive mind.  
Give me my peace—my murder'd peace impart ;  
Give me, deceiver ! give me back my heart.

UNKIND, ungentle, faithless, venal fair !  
Alas ! alas ! —forgive, forgive despair.  
Not burning anguish more Alcides prest,  
When to his vitals clung the poison'd vest ;  
Not mad Orlando, in Medoro's grove,  
Felt more the rage of grief and hopeless love.

How pleas'd, these cruel pangs to feel no more,  
On Lybian wilds, a lion fierce I'd roar ;  
Or, while around the famish'd monsters howl,  
On fields of ice, a furlly bear, I'd growl ;

B

Or,



6 THE SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.

Or, blest in dull insensibility,  
On Alpine heights, a senseless stone I'd lie;  
Or with Tibullus stand, at random cast,  
A lonely rock amid the watry waste!

“NOT to contend, with unavailing strife,  
“ Against the certain ills of wretched life,  
“ The wise have ever taught—and why despise,  
“ With foolish pride, the maxims of the wise?  
“ Unskilful pilot! when the tempests rave  
“ Why sink thy vessel in the whelming wave?  
“ Soon will the storm subside—nor trace remain  
“ Of transient woes, and disappointments vain;  
“ Fled on the wings of time—as disappears,  
“ A fleeting shade, the cloud of former years.”

My noble friend! and bending in the road  
Of cumber'd life, why bear the oppressive load?  
When the dire gangrene's deadly horrors climb,  
Why from thy body lop the trembling limb?  
Alas! my noble friend, with empty sound,  
Thy rugged Seneca but tears my wound;  
Or, sweet'ning but the lips of sorrow's cup,  
Compels to drink the bitter potion up;

Or,



Or, if thy stern philosophy dispense  
 One ray of comfort to the suff'ring sense;  
 Like the faint glimmering of a doubtful light,  
 It only shews the darkness of the night.

WELL sung the Ausonian bard, of tuneful tongue,  
 To wide, imperial Rome, the lyric song;  
 Care, gloomy care behind the horseman hies,  
 Who from himself on rapid courser flies;  
 Care, gloomy care the wretch's flight attends,  
 Bounds o'er the deep, and lofty bark ascends.

IN vain past scenes, in vain myself to shun,  
 Through distant, barb'rous, burning climes I run;  
 Alas! in vain to other worlds I fly,  
 Beneath another sun, another sky!  
 Fly where I will, the phantom still affails,  
 Swift as the wind that fills the swelling sails.

WHERE'ER I rove, in ev'ry clime I find,  
 In custom's fetters bound the human mind.  
 Unhappy mortals! hence thro' life, with pain,  
 We fondly drag the tyrant's galling chain.  
 In reason's car while mad opinion hurl'd,

With



THE SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.

With sway fantastic, rules a wayward world,  
I see as onward rolls the giddy ball,  
To idol custom down the nations fall.

Dug from ten thousand graves, and charnels dread,  
Hence bears the American his kindred dead;  
And, sadly bending to the feast of souls,  
In full assembled horror, wildly howls.  
And hence the brutish African his limbs  
With ordure vile, and reeking entrails, trims;  
Then rides the wave, and, proud, the storm defies,  
When angry ocean's mountain billows rise.  
And onward, hence the Indian fondly deems  
His guilt to lose in Ganges' sacred streams;  
While, the young widow mounts the funeral pyre,  
And, smiling, sees to heav'n the flames aspire.

BUT chief in Europe, learned, proud, and vain,  
Victim of prejudice! opinion's reign!  
In Europe chief, insensate mortals bind  
Opinion's fetters on the infant mind;  
In Europe chief, the source of endless woes,  
Convention's rules still nature's laws oppose.

HENCE,



HENCE, hid beneath the mask of polish'd life,  
Ambition, envy, malice, hatred, strife;  
Hence well dissembled love, the venal fair;  
Hence passion scorn'd, the anguish of despair;  
Hence, at a tyrant father's stern command,  
Gave Eloisa her reluctant hand;  
While, hapless wand'rer! robb'd of her I deem,  
This world a desert, life a passing dream.

UNDER a leader, skilful, brave, humane,  
A British squadron sails to humble Spain;  
With him I circle earth,—in quest of ease  
From burning climates, and from stormy seas.

BORNE on the bosom of the mighty deep  
The bounding vessels o'er the billows sweep.  
The coasts of Europe fled, with stedfast eyes,  
I mark the constellations as they rise.

FROM ancient wisdom hid, with friendly light,  
The cross emerging now illumines the night.  
Now, past the tropics' outmost bound, we run  
While to the north declines the mid-day sun;  
And, cross the vast Atlantic, I survey  
Where warms the western world the southern ray.



TO THE SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.

ILL fated land! whose dire misfortunes stain  
The bloody annals of relentless Spain,  
Ah! what avails thy climate's fertile pride?  
That ev'ry river rolls a golden tide?  
Ah! what avails that, scatter'd thick around,  
In ev'ry rock the lucid gem is found?  
"Perish the ore, the diamonds, and the mines;  
"The ore that ripens, and the gem that shines!"  
Exclaims the Indian as, with sweating toil,  
He digs the bowels of his native soil.

WHAT cannot thirst of gold, and biggot rage?  
Blush, Europe, blush to own the guilty page.

THE winged monsters, wafted by the wind,  
From other worlds their fated passage find;  
The burdens of the yielding deep—Behold!  
At last fulfill'd the prophecies of old!  
The foaming steed array'd in martial fire,  
That with strange fear the gentle race admire;  
The bearded men; the steel deny'd their states;  
The mimic thunder; and the missile fates.

THESE ruffian bands with fire and sword who come  
To teach the tenets of enslaving Rome;

Are



Are these, are these the men to whom were giv'n  
Europa's regions mild, the light of heav'n,  
The humanizing arts they proudly boast?  
—Are these the manners of Europa's coast?

MILLIONS, defenceless, unresisting, slain!  
Ting'd ev'ry flood, and drench'd the ensanguin'd plain!  
I blush, indignant, at the name of man. }  
—The fiercest animal that thirsts for blood  
In Lybian wild, or dread Hycanian wood,  
Respects his figure in his kindred race,  
Nor dares, tho' hunger preys, the impious chace.  
Man, only man, alas! to nature blind,  
With brutal fury tears his hapless kind!

To where a horrid tract, in deserts lost,  
Extended lyes the Patagonian coast;  
Where through Savannas wild, from plain to plain,  
Roam the rude tenants of the rough domain;  
The gallant squadron comes—resolv'd to brave,  
Tho' rage Antarctic skies, the wintry wave.  
—O'er the smooth deep a-while the zephyrs play;  
Serene the cloudless sky; we glide away.

The



The happy sailors, sportive, seem to hail  
 The soft Pacific's ever placid gale ;  
 Nor dream how soon disasters shall destroy  
 This last glad glimpse, alas ! of short liv'd joy.

SCARCE thro' the Strait, the daring vessel flies,  
 Driv'n by the impetuous tide, when lour the skies  
 Sudden o'ercast—the furious winds descend,  
 Deform the deep, and ev'ry canvas rend ;  
 From rushing cataracts bursts the struggling fire,  
 And crashing thunder threats destruction dire.

WHILE winds and waves in dreadful conflict rise,  
 With sullen joy I view the stormy skies.  
 Ye tempests blow ! ye mountain billows roll !  
 Welcome the gloom congenial to my soul !

SUCH was my life ; so, wrapt in fairy dream,  
 I fondly trusted to the faithle's stream.  
 Deceitful smiles the sky ; the gilded wave  
 Deceitful smiles ; but soon the billows rave.  
 How dark the gloom ! What dismal skies appear !  
 How loud the thunder bellows in my ear !  
 Dash'd o'er the bounding flood with dreadful sweep,  
 My lab'ring vessel drinks the whelming deep.

IN



IN tractless oceans here, from Europe far,  
I prove the rage of elemental war;  
Here tost for tedious months, on ev'ry wave  
Death seems to ride, and point a watry grave.

NOT such mad storms the daring Gama prest,  
When jealous nature spy'd th' unwelcome guest;  
When with the winds to Afric's head she runs,  
The east to save from Europe's restless sons.

ALAS! how many wretches found their doom,  
By sickness spent, and toil, a watry tomb!  
They fondly valued life—I wish'd to lose,  
In nature's common grave, my endless woes.  
She, she is lost, whose image still pursues  
Where'er I wander and my grief renews!  
She, she is lost, for whom I wish'd to live!  
She's lost, alas! and life has nought to give.  
—By wayward fortune's endless wrongs oppress'd,  
When shall my woes in long oblivion rest?

CONFIN'D so long to ocean and to sky,  
Each bounding each, how roves the longing eye;  
How heaves each bosom, when at last 'tis given  
To gaze, enraptur'd, on an earthly heaven?

D

Fernandes,



Fernandes, hail! O let me, let me find  
 Deep solitudes to sooth my pensive mind!

HERE far from anxious care, and noisy strife,  
 How sweet to steal a down the stream of life;  
 And, like sequester'd solitary, reign  
 O'er flow'ry mead, and long deserted plain;  
 And range the forrest wild, where, all unseen,  
 Wave lofty woods of every deepest green;  
 And upland climb, while vast Savannas lye  
 Outstretch'd below, and feed the wandring eye;  
 And tame the mountain goat; and secret dwell,  
 Like peaceful hermit old, in rocky cell;  
 And pensive listen to the dashing wave,  
 Like wounded Greek in Lemnos' lonely cave.

HERE I contemplate, with devouring eyes,  
 Thy charming portrait—sympathetic sighs  
 The picture seems to heave—a pensive smile  
 Now seems to say “Thus absence we beguile.”  
 That beauteous aspect, noble without pride,  
 Where love and truth, and dignity reside;  
 Those eyes, attemper'd sweet, that still inspire  
 Respect and tenderness, and young desire;

That



That form of love, impassion'd as I gaze,  
 My rising grief, responsive, still repays;  
 Responsive streams the sympathetic tear,  
 And Eloisa's voice I seem to hear.

THIS pourtray'd semblance of thy beauteous frame,  
 (Love's amulet, found by the Grecian dame,  
 Inventive love! when, on the shaded wall,  
 Starting, she saw her lover's likeness fall;  
 And trembling ran, source of the mimic art,  
 And traced the form imprinted in her heart.)  
 The gift of happier days! forever dear,  
 Still in this breast, this faithful breast I bear;  
 Companion of my heart! and there shall dwell,  
 While life's warm flood, the flutt'rer shall impel.  
 Companion of my heart! when life's last hour  
 Shall loose his spring; when death's dark vists lou'r;  
 Here will I fix my yet beholding eyes,  
 Take a last longing look, and seek the skies.

So died, Eliz'beth's portrait in his hand,  
 Iberian Carlos, at the dire command  
 Of unrelenting fire, when Gallia's dame  
 In Philip's bosom raised a rival's flame.

WHEN



16 THE SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.

WHEN silent night to solemn thought inspires,  
Oft, as they roll, I mark th'eternal fires.  
No flow Bootes here is seen to roll  
His tardy wain around the freezing pole.  
Here the world's southern hinge, less gilded bright  
Than shines the northern, wheels her paler light.

WHEN trembles, on the western wave, the sun,  
Or from the eastern springs, his course to run ;  
Oft from the lofty promontory's brow,  
I gaze the deep that ever toils below ;  
Seen from afar, the coming breeze I hail,  
Old ocean smiling to the curling gale.

THE signal calls on board—constrain'd I go,  
But fondly ling'ring, melancholy, flow.

FAREWELL Fernandes! farewell lonely shore  
Where beating billows break with hollow roar.  
—The curling gale ; the promontory steep ;  
Below the idly-toiling, restless deep ;  
Seen from some airy height where cool I lay,  
Outstretch'd immense, th'embroider'd mantle gay ;

High



High waving to the wind, the lofty woods;  
 Deep murm'ring from their fall the chrystal floods;  
 —No more amid these pleasing scenes I stray;  
 No more I waste in solitude the day;  
 Farewell Fernandes! vocal now no more,  
 With Eloisa's name, thy lonely shore!

THE pond'rous anchor weighs—the loosen'd sails  
 The noisy sailor gives to prosperous gales.

THE END OF PART FIRST.

E T H E

High



T H E  
SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.

---

P A R T   S E C O N D.

---

**A** GAIN the faithless deep I wander o'er,  
And trace the long extended western shore ;  
And see afar the tow'ring Andes rise,  
Spurn the low clouds, and seem to scale the skies.  
Earth's giant-sons ! around whose lofty head  
The independent Indian rears his shed ;  
Pleas'd, far below, to see the tempest hurl'd,  
In dreadful ruin, o'er the subject world ;  
While calm above he sits with raptur'd eye  
—Laughs the gay sun, and smiles the genial sky.

PROUD



PROUD image of the sage ! who, all serene,  
 From wisdom's summit sees mistaken men ;  
 Tost in the range of passion's wild career,  
 The sport of love, and hate, and hope, and fear ;  
 In quest of happiness they urge the race,  
 Which, flying still, eludes the devious chace.  
 Hope gilds the cloud ; the painted meteors stream ;  
 But soon the lightning darts a fiery gleam.  
 —Proud image of the sage ! alas how vain !  
 Existing only in the schoolman's brain.

HERE in Peru and Mexico I find  
 The same unhappy scenes I left behind.  
 I see of mighty states the poor remains,  
 By proud, insulting tyrants, dragg'd in chains ;  
 To dig the mineral in the cavern'd ground,  
 While death his exhalations breathes around ;  
 Or, silent lurking in the prison'd fire,  
 Bursts furious forth with loud explosion dire.

THRICE happy land ! in whelming tempests lost,  
 Had ne'er the floating castles reacht thy coast ;  
 Had he, the first on ocean's bosom born,  
 The bold Ligurian, known no safe return.

EMBOSOM'D



20 THE SENTIMENTAL SAILOR.

EMBOSOM'D deep in innocence and peace,  
Here liv'd, for many an age, the gentle race ;  
Here Europe's arts, and Europe's crimes unknown,  
Great Nature reign'd in majesty alone.

How chang'd the scene ! alas ! deep dy'd with blood,  
See ev'ry field, and ev'ry rolling flood !  
From where La Plata, rushing to the main,  
Makes " ocean tremble for his green domain" ;  
To where the isthmus hears, with adverse roar,  
Contending oceans lash the sounding shore ;  
And onward where, nor racks, nor tort'ring fire  
Could, from the Mexican, a word transpire.

HERE plung'd in scenes of rapine and of war,  
Of wealthy plunder I receive a share.  
—Blushing receive—but as the trust of heav'n,  
From wretches torn, to be to wretches giv'n.

AMID the immense Pacific's vast profound,  
In happy hour, another isle we found ;  
More charming than the first, and more unknown ;  
Inhabited by wand'ring flocks alone ;  
And painted birds, with plumes of ev'ry dye,  
That shade, disporting, all the genial sky.

WHATE'ER



WHATE'ER the ancient bards, with tuneful tongue,  
 Of Fortune's isles, or of Elysium sung ;  
 Whate'er of grand, of beautiful, of new,  
 The happiest Fancy's happiest pencil drew ;  
 I see excell'd—but wrapt in deep delight,  
 And, gazing wildly, scarce believe my sight.

HERE happy Nature seems with art to join,  
 To trace the beauty of the waving line.  
 Or scoopt in winding theatres the ground ;  
 Or gently swelling lawns with thickets crown'd ;  
 Or circling woods shade deepning into shade ;  
 Or op'ning vista shews the distant glade.  
 Domestic, simple, wild the varied scene ;  
 While intricacies, artful, intervene.

O LET me, let me wander unconfin'd  
 Thro' flow'ry solitudes! or rest reclin'd,  
 Where o'er yon lake, a mirror broad and sweet,  
 The waving orange seems itself to greet ;  
 While round a thousand trees luxuriant rear  
 Their fragrant heads, and wide perfume the air.

O LET me, let me seek the secret cell,  
 Where solitude and silence love to dwell !

F

And



And, as I view the scatter'd ruins lye,  
 Like exil'd Roman, heave reflection's sigh;  
 And, pensive sitting, for a while forego  
 My proper woes, and weep for human woe.

UNHAPPY Tinian! sure thy fate severe  
 Demands the sigh humane, demands the tear.  
 The moss-grown ruin on deserted plains  
 Memorial sole of all thy race remains.

ASYLUM sweet! where innocence and peace,  
 And smiling plenty blest a simple race;  
 Ah! could not here, embosom'd in the deep,  
 Thy hapless sons their blest possessions keep!  
 The Iberian come, and with him from afar  
 Come desolation, and destructive war;  
 The sons of Europe come, and from the plain  
 Fly the long honours of the Sylvan reign!

No more thy feather-cinctur'd swains around  
 Dance to the Banshaw's melancholy sound;  
 No more, in numbers wild, amid thy groves,  
 They sing their wars, or woo their dusky loves.  
 The Iberian came—thy Genius hung his head,  
 The cruel spoilers view'd, and shrieking fled.

From



From their lov'd isle to hated exile torn,  
 Thy sons indignant, drooping, and forlorn,  
 Their native isats, and ruin'd homes deplore,  
 All as they wander on the lonely shore.

YET gentle spring, and lofty summer here,  
 With blushing Autumn rule the circling year;  
 Still hand in hand the sister seasons smile  
 In sweet alliance o'er the happy isle;  
 The Anana, vegetation's boast, around  
 Spontaneous rises from the velvet ground.

FREE from the tyrant man, in many a drove,  
 The bounding flocks in happy freedom rove;  
 The sea fowl scream aloft, then circling sweep,  
 With level wing, the bosom of the deep.  
 —How pleas'd with Nature's denizen's, I'd stray,  
 And useless life, superfluous, wear away!

O THOU with whom Elysium I could taste  
 On Zembla's icy hills, or barren waste!  
 With whom to live, enraptur'd, I'd despise  
 The burning desert, and the sultry skies!  
 O ELOISA! here with thee to dwell,  
 How glad I'd bid the busy world farewell!

How



How fancy paints, as kindling she takes fire.  
 Elysian scenes of joy, and young desire !  
 How fancy paints ! transported I behold  
 Scenes worthy infant Nature's age of gold.

ILLUSION come !—I weave, with skilful hand,  
 Of every fairest flower a fragrant band ;  
 With this I gayly crown thy beauteous head,  
 While flocks gambol around us on the mead.  
 Hail Island-Queen ! not, rising from the flood,  
 A fairer form the Queen of Beauty flood.  
 Hail Island-Queen ! behold, a gentle train,  
 The willing subjects of thy sea-girt reign.

In gay procession whither shall we stray ?  
 How spend in sweet variety the day ?  
 Say will it please our devious course to bend  
 Where fringed woodland, or where hills ascend ?  
 Or in yon lake's clear mirror shall we try,  
 To tempt, with wily art, the scaly fry ?  
 Or shall we teach our tow'ring thoughts to soar  
 The proudest heights of philosophic lore ?  
 Or, haply, shall we shun the noon-tide hour,  
 Amid the fragrance of the citron bower ;  
 While gay festoons, in flow'ry cyphers wove,  
 Display the sweet embellishment of love ?

WHAT



WHAT horror darkens all the fairy gleam?  
Whither, ah! whither flies my golden dream?  
Stay, Eloisa, stay—alas! she flies;  
And black ideas, gloomy, thick arise.

“ AH! robber, robber, dare not, dare not press  
“ That trembling hand, that lip averted kiss.  
“ Ah! robber, robber, dare not fancy thine  
“ These ravish’d joys, by love’s election mine.”

A DUSKY vault, to fancy’s sickly eye,  
Contracted sudden, seems the azure sky;  
The darken’d sun withdraws his golden light;  
And fades all nature from my fever’d sight.

How pride, indignant, tugs the barbed dart!  
How burning poison tears my tortur’d heart!  
How gloomy thoughts in endless circles roll,  
And, still returning, seize my madning soul!

THUS beats the unwearied wave, with ceaseless roar,  
Along the bleak, deserted, Greenland shore;  
While, scarce from shipwreck sav’d, his comrades lost,  
A wandring wretch explores the dreary coast;  
Cold, hungry, faint, he hears the famish’d cry  
Of prowling bears that snuff the inclement sky;



While, join'd with winds and waves in horrid jar,  
 The ice, loud crashing, thunders from afar ;  
 Short circling, hides the sun his setting light ;  
 And, dark with tenfold shade, descends the long, long night.

THUS doom'd to range misfortune's rugged coast,  
 My joy, my hope, my peace for ever lost ;  
 Like sailor wreck'd, I look, with rueful stare,  
 Round " the wild waste of desolate despair."  
 Alas! in vain—nor joy, nor hope I find  
 To light, with chearing ray, my shipwreck'd mind.  
 Set is my summer sun! no more to rise,  
 And more than polar winter in the skies.  
 Set is my summer sun! and, dismal made  
 With tenfold horror, falls the dreadful shade.

To soothe my raging grief with fancied woe,  
 Pensive, alone, with tardy pace I go,  
 To where no human footstep marks the ground ;  
 To vast, sequester'd solitude, profound ;  
 With hapless Petrarch's plaintive muse I mourn,  
 And pour the impassion'd tear o'er Laura's urn.

“ MORE



“ MORE rapid roll, thou flaming star of day!  
“ And drag flow time along the fated way.  
“ Roll on, ye joyless years!—for me no more  
“ The cherub joy shall crown the laughing hour!  
“ No more for me the tree of hope shall rise,  
“ Cut down, alas! and blasted as it lies!”

WHEN night and sleep to every wretch bestow  
Oblivion short of pain, and mental woe;  
How wayward fancy's bright ideas gleam!  
Contrasting, dreadful, the illusive dream.

Now with conflicting strife of passions, tost,  
I seek of Meillerie the savage coast.  
The naked trees; the desolated ground;  
The fullen lake; the barren rocks around;  
The cold north-east, with piercing gust, that blows;  
The thund'ring torrent of descending snows;  
The distant Alps in horrid grandeur pil'd;  
The screaming eagle's shriek that echoes wild;  
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd;  
—These suit the tone of my desponding mind.

UNHAPPY



" UNHAPPY wand'rer o'er life's hostile land !  
 " How thick around thy foes embattled stand !  
 " On stepdame nature's niggard bounty cast,  
 " Now freezing, cold, in winter's savage blast ;  
 " Vile sport of elements eternal jar !  
 " Now scorch'd by sultry summer's burning star.  
 " Thou fev'rish being ! say, the wintry wave  
 " Of stormy fortune's sea how wilt thou brave ?  
 " —Condemn'd, like nightly lover, from the coast,  
 " To see the deep in dire commotion tost ;  
 " While from afar, with unavailing light,  
 " The torch of beauty blazes through the night :  
 " —Condemn'd, while sorrow's bitter fruit appears,  
 " The tree of hope to water with thy tears."

Now Petrarch's lays I carve with feeble hand ;  
 Now on a broken precipice I stand,  
 And Eloisa's dwelling from afar  
 Contemplate still, and curse my hapless star ;  
 And view, with meas'ring eye, the tempting deep,  
 Like desperate Greek on old Leucadia's steep.

Now pleas'd I lead thee through a citron grove,  
 To beds of roses in the bowers of love ;

And



And now we walk, gay smiling, hand in hand,  
Through flow'ry mazes o'er a fairy land.

A SUDDEN gloom the happy scene deforms;  
Loud rolls the thunder—roar a thousand storms.  
Trembles the ground—amaz'd, with pale affright,  
I gaze around—you vanish from my sight.  
Now through a dreary waste, perplexed, I rove;  
Now all benighted in a gloomy grove.  
The screech owl screams the blasted trees among,  
And yawning caverns echo to her song.

“YE ragged cliffs, that, threatening, frown on high,  
“YE horrors wild! where does my wand'rer fly?  
“Where unprotected strays, through ways unknown,  
“My Eloisa, friendless and alone?”

A VISTO opens—now you seem to run,  
With breathless haste, a dreaded form to shun.  
On me you call—I shoot athwart the gleam.  
Between us sudden rolls a rapid stream.  
Headlong I plunge—winds rise, and billows roar.  
In vain you beckon from the further shore.

H

On



On ridgy waves, and boiling eddies tost,  
At last in midst of boundless seas I'm lost.

HERE, as I gaze the watry waste around,  
I hear the distant whirl-pool's murm'ring sound;  
Like that on Norway's coast, the sailor's fear,  
The rushing Maelstrom's dreadful noise I hear.  
Drawn in the vortex, wide, impetuous, loud,  
I wheel, in horrid circuit, round the flood.  
Near, and more near the yawning pool I sweep;  
Loud, and more loud, tumultuous, roars the deep.  
I reach the gulf, in speechless horror lost;  
O'erwhelm'd, I sink, in dreadful suction tost.  
Closes the booming flood—down, down I go  
Unfathom'd deeps—around, above, below,  
A thousand cataracts rush—impetuous, bent  
In giddy circles, whirls the dire descent.

FROM cavern'd depths of ocean's vast profound  
Emerging flow, again I gaze around.  
'Tis silence all, save where the distant blast,  
Unfrequent howling, sweeps the watry waste.  
'Tis deepest silence all—and now I hear  
A hollow voice that thunders in mine ear.

“ Wretch,



“ Wretch, hope no more!—bright gleaming from afar,  
“ Trembles the light of thy unhappy star.  
“ Mark where it points, and bend thy fated way.  
“ Wretch, hope no more! but tremble and obey!”

STARTING I wake—again renews the dream ;  
The flying phantom calls, and rolls the stream.  
“ Wretch, hope no more!” still thunders in mine ears ;  
Freezes my blood, and flows a stream of tears.

ETERNAL fires! and thou, by whom are bound  
The ceaseless wand’ers in their giddy round!  
Eternal fires! along th’etherial plains  
As roll the worlds, say whether there complains,  
Chain’d to their surface, hopeless of relief,  
A hapless being, doom’d to greater grief?

OCEAN! again I mount thy wat’ry breast ;  
O soothe, with tempests loud, my soul to rest!  
Ocean immense! thy mountain billows roll ;  
Thy mountain billows please my stormy soul!

TINIAN,



TINIAN, farewell—afylum sweet from strife,  
 From all the pride and insolence of life ;  
 Afylum sweet ! where persecuted love  
 Might find a blest retreat in ev'ry grove ;  
 Blest isle ! which yet, with straining eye, I view,  
 Blest isle ! a long, alás, a last adieu !

WHILE, hapless wan'drer, onward thus I rove,  
 The fool of Fortune, and the wretch of Love ;  
 While, circling earth, a prey to wasting grief,  
 I find, alone in stormy seas, relief ;  
 O thou ! to whom, as wav'ring to the pole,  
 Still turns the needle, trembling turns my soul ;  
 Glows, with the heat of this disastrous flame,  
 Thy gentle bosom's sympathetic frame ?  
 Say, ELOISA, hast thou found repose ?  
 Trembles thy hand my letters to disclose ?  
 —Alas ! alas ! to thee shall these impart  
 The bursting sigh, and pour th' impassion'd heart ?

No sigh for me shall ELOISA heave ;  
 With happy Wolmar happy may she live.

—Enough



—Enough for me in wand'ring wishes toft,  
To seek the land of peace for ever loft ;  
To tug, with trembling hand, the barbed dart,  
Though tears its rooted point my bursting heart ;  
—Enough for me, thus frantic, wild, to rave  
In lone complainings, to the midnight wave.

THE END OF PART SECOND.

I

NOTES



# NOTES

## PART FIRST.

I came, I saw—what thoughts tumultuous roll?

Page 2. Verse 1.

MANY writers among the moderns have, with success, red-  
uced these romantic attachments, formed at first sight, and  
founded on an unaccountable congeniality of nature. It is easy  
to laugh at these sympathetic attachments, but it appears not with  
what justice they can be controverted; attraction of minds being  
as certain as that of the load-stone, and, perhaps, less unaccount-  
able.

Foot that I was to look, alas! to far

Page 3. Verse 11.

St. Peter seems here to have in his eye the following beauti-  
ful lines in the first act of Guizot's *Le Roi*.

So ben l'aglio, e non m'òyana amore,  
Ch'è la mia d'alla e povera fortuna  
Sperar non lice in alcun tempo mai,  
Che munda si legghia, e si granule,  
E di sangue, e di spino, e di tempeste

Venerabile



# N O T E S.

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## P A R T F I R S T.

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I came, I saw—what thoughts tumultuous roll?

Page 2. Verse 1.

**M**ANY writers among the moderns have, with success, ridiculed those romantic attachments, formed at first sight, and founded on an unaccountable congeniality of nature. It is easy to laugh at these sympathetic attachments, but it appears not with what justice they can be controverted; attraction of minds being as certain as that of the load-stone, and, perhaps, less unaccountable..

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Fool that I was to look, alas! so far

Page 3. Verse 11.

ST PREUX seems here to have in his eye the following beautiful lines in the first act of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*.

Sò ben Ergasto, e non m'inganna amore,  
Ch' à la mia bassa, e povera fortuna  
Sperar non lice in alcun tempo mai,  
Chè nimfa sì leggiadra, e sì gentile,  
E di sangue, e di spirto, e di sembiante

Véramente



Veramente divina, à me fia sposa :

Ben conosco il tenor de la mia stella.

Not mad Orlando, in Medoro's grove,

Page 5. Verse 17.

THIS alludes to a passage in Orlando Furioso, where Ariosto describes his hero, upon discovering the infidelity of his mistress Angelica, turning mad from love and jealousy. This is, perhaps, one of the finest descriptions in that whimsical poem ; which, licentious and extravagant as it is, contains the highest poetical beauties.

How pleas'd, these cruel pangs to feel no more,

Page 5. Verse 19.

O EGO ne possim tales sentire dolores,

Quam mallem in gelidis montibus esse lapis !

Stare vel infanis cautes obnoxia ventis,

Naufraga quam vasti tunderet unda maris.

*Tibullus, Lib. II. Eleg. 4.*

Dug from ten thousand graves, and charnels dread,

Page 8. Verse 4.

THERE are many strange customs to be met with in the history of mankind ; but the feast of the dead, or the feast of souls, a solemn and dreadful festival of the Americans, is certainly the most surprising. It is described in almost too lively colours by the learned Lafitau in his *Meurs de Sauvages*. The opening of the tombs ; the general disinterment of every individual of the nation who died since the last festival of that kind ; the putrid dead, disgusting as they are with every thing loathsome, carried upon shoulders through tedious journeys of several days, from the most distant villages to the great rendezvous of carcases.—What a striking, what a humbling picture !

Then



Then rides the wave, and, proud, the storm defies,

Page 8. Verse 10.

THIS fact is no less true than surprising. Kolben says, speaking of the Hottentots, "They are also expert at catching fish with their hands; at swimming they are incomparable; having something very peculiar and wonderful in their manner; which is to carry themselves erect with their hands above water, so that they appear to walk upon the ground; and even upon the most mountainous seas to dance, in a manner, upon the backs of the waves, rising and descending with them like pieces of cork."

The cross, emerging, now illumines the night.

Page 9. Verse 18.

THE cross, composed of seven stars, is that constellation of the south pole, which is of equal service to seamen after passing the line, as before, on the north of it, the Artic bear.

IN the first editions of the Gierusalemme liberata, Tasso places the island of Armida in the pacific ocean; and the following description of the above constellation is to be found in the voyage of Ubald and Guelpho round Cape Horn in quest of Rinaldo.

Vanno innanzi scorrendo, e già lor forge

Il polo, cui l'Europa unqua non scorge.

MIRAN quasi duo nuvoli di molte

Luci in un congregate, ed in mezo a quelle,

Girar, con angustissime rivolte,

Due pigre e brune, e picciolette stelle;

E sovra lor, di croce in forma accolte,

Quattro più grandi, luminose, e belle.

Eccovi i lumi opposti al freddo Plauastro

Che quì segnano (disse) il polo d' Austro.

Nel XV. Canto.



—The fiercest animal that thirsts for blood

Page 11. Verse 8.

L'ANIMAL le plus fier qu'enfante la nature,

Dans un autre animal respecte sa figure.—

L'homme seul, l'homme seul, dans sa fureur extreme,

Met un brutal honneur à s'egorger soi-meme.

*Boileau Despraux, Sat. 8.*

Not such mad storms the daring Gama prest,

Page 13. Verse 5.

THIS alludes to a sublime passage in the *Lusiade* of Camoens; an epic poem concerning the first voyages and discoveries of the Portuguese to the East-Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope.

This poem, says the President Montesquieu in the *Spirit of Laws*, makes us feel something of the charms of the *Odyssey*, and magnificence of the *Aeneid*.

And, like sequester'd solitary, reign,

Page 14. Verse 5.

A STORY related in the voyage of Captain Woods Rogers round the world, is here alluded to. Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor, upon some difference with his Captain, had been left on the island of Juan Fernandes, where he remained four years and four months. When taken on board, says the voyage writer, he was cloathed in goat-skins, and looked wilder than the first owners of them.—The well-known romance of *Robinson Crusoe* is said to have been compiled by Daniel Defoe, from the materials furnished by poor Selkirk.

Here I contemplate, with devouring eyes,

Page 14. Verse 15.

CASTIGLIONE, the noble author of the *Courtier*, makes the beautiful Hyppolita, Countess of Mantua, solace herself with the portrait of her absent husband, in a Latin poem of which the following lines only remain.

Sola



Sola tuos vultus referens Raphaelis imago  
 Pieta manu, curas allevat usque meas.  
 Huic ego delicias facio, arrideoque, jocosque  
 Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat :  
 Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur  
 Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.  
 Agnoscit, balboque patrem puer ore salutat,  
 Hoc solor, longos decipioque dies.

---

Love's amulet, found by the Grecian dame,  
 Page 15. Verse 6.

ACCORDING to Pliny, Dibutades, daughter of a potter at Sicyone in Peloponnesus, is supposed to have given the first idea of design in Greece. As it is natural for poetry to trace the invention of the arts to a particular fact, M. Le Mierre, in his beautiful poem on painting, adopts the story of Dibutades, in the following lines, as having given rise to the art :

Toi qui près d'une lampe & dans un jour obscur,  
 Vis les traits d'un amant vaciller sur le mur,  
 Palpitais & courus à cette image sombre,  
 Et de tes doigts légers traçant les bords de l'ombre,  
 Fixas avec transports, sous ton œil captivé,  
 L'objet que dans ton cœur l'amour avoit gravé ;  
 C'est toi dont l'inventive & fidelle tendresse  
 Fit éclore, autrefois, le dessein dans la Grece.

---

So died, Eliz'beth's portrait in his hand,  
 Page 15. Verse 19.

DON CARLOS, son of Philip II. of Spain, and Elizabeth of France, an amiable Princess, eldest daughter of Henry II. became deeply enamoured of each other. At a juncture when their union was looked upon as concluded, Philip, becoming a widower by the death of Mary of England, tore, so to speak, Elizabeth from the arms of his son ; without being able to withdraw her unalterable affection.



THE tragical fate of Don Carlos, in the twenty second year of his age, is differently accounted for by historians; but it is probable that the jealousy of his father was the chief motive of it. It is difficult to suppose, that mere reasons of state, even in the breast of a Philip, could have sufficient weight to overbalance paternal affection, without the aid of a powerful counterpoise.

The hatred that Don Carlos bore to his father's ministers, who foresaw in his future succession to the crown, their own inevitable destruction; his openly espousing the cause of the revolted provinces; the indignant contempt he scrupled not to express against the Inquisition, when that tribunal presumed, upon pretence of heresie, to condemn to the flames the testament of Charles Vth, and the three ecclesiastics who were present at the death of that illustrious Emperor;—these added to his well known passion for Elizabeth, occasioned the tragical end of a Prince, whose character, open, spirited, humane, had been early observed by Charles in his retreat of St Justin, where he is said to have often amused himself in quality of preceptor to his grandson.

Here the world's southern hinge, less gilded bright

Page 16. Verse 5.

THE heavens appear remarkably clear and beautiful on the coast of Chili, owing to the happy temperature of the climate, and purity of the air; but the stars that form the constellations near the Antartic Pole, are far from being equal in magnitude to those of the Artic. The cloudy stars of the former are called by sailors the Magellanic clouds.

Oft from the lofty promontory's brow,

Page 16. Verse 9.

Sæpe super celsæ prærupta cacumina rupis

In mare prospiciens——

*Buchanan. Desiderium Lutetia.*



# NOTES.

## PART SECOND.

Pleas'd, far below, to see the tempest hurl'd,  
Page 18. Verse 7.

**H**ERRERA, the Spanish historian, gives the following description of the height of the Andes alongst the coast of Peru.

"People go through part of these mountains treading upon the clouds, but when they reach their lofty summits they can no longer perceive the earth for the clouds beneath them; but the heavens above are one clear and unclouded expanse, through which the sun darts his cheering rays. Nor is it less admirable to perceive, in travelling over the Andes, tempests and storms falling into the valleys at a distance, while the serenity over head is so great, that no cloud is to be seen to discompose the beautiful prospect."

Thrice happy land! in whelming tempests lost,  
Page 19. Verse 19.

Felix, heu! nimium felix, si littora tantum,  
Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ.

Virg. *Aeneid*. lib. 4.

L Embosom'd



Embosom'd deep in innocence and peace,

Page 20. Verse 1.

THE simplicity, the innocence, and, consequently, the happiness of the Americans when first discovered by the Europeans, are described by one who can be little suspected of partiality, by the celebrated Spanish historian mentioned in a former note. The whole exhibits a beautiful and interesting picture of the *præca gens mortalium*, the *bella età de l'oro*, the golden age of the poets. This description is to be found in the first Decade of Herrera, which is universally acknowledged as authentic, being taken from the Archives of the Spanish Consul.

“The laws of nature (says \* Montaigne, speaking of the savages of America,) simple and unbastardised, do still command them; and that with such purity, that I am sometimes grieved the knowledge of this came not to light when there were men, who better than we, could have judged of it. I am sorry Lycurgus and Plato knew it not. For what we see in these nations not only exceedeth all the pictures wherewith licentious poetry hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to form a happy condition of man; but even the conception and desire of philosophy. — It is a nation, would I answer Plato, where riches and poverty, where contracts, successions, and partitions are unknown; where the very words that import falsehood, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, treason and pardon, were never heard of amongst them. How far would he find his imaginary republic from this perfection? *Hos natura modos primum dedit.* — All this is not very ill; but what of all this? These poor creatures have neither breeches nor hose.”

How chang'd the scene! alas! deep dy'd with blood,

Page 20. Verse 5.

THE Bishop of Chiapa gives a particular account of the shocking barbarities of his countrymen, to many of which he was an eye witness. He informs us, that in battle and cold blood there

were



were cut off near five millions of the natives in Cuba, and three millions in Hispaniola. This, though supposed to be exaggerated, may serve to give some idea of the still more incredible butcheries on the continent.

To shew to what a degree the Spaniards were detested, the good Bishop records the reply of an Indian Cacique who was condemned to be burned alive. When chained to the stake, a Franciscan Friar told him he would most assuredly burn with the devils in hell, if he did not instantly embrace the Catholic religion. The Indian, regarding the Friar with a look of attention, asked him, Whether any of his countrymen would be in heaven? being answered in the affirmative; Then, said he, I will rather go to the devils in hell, than to the Spaniards in heaven.

Could, from the Mexican, a word transpire.

Page 20. Verse 12.

Who knows not the beautiful answer of the brave, but unfortunate successor of Montezuma, to one of his principal officers, who, unable to bear the torture of the rack in common with his Emperor, requested leave to reveal the hidden treasures to the Spaniards? "*Am I laid upon a bed of roses?*"—Ashamed of his weakness, the unhappy complainer suppress his groans, and expired in silence.

Dance to the Banshaw's melancholy sound;

Page 22. Verse 18.

DR GRAINGER, in the 4th book of the Sugar-cane, gives an elegant and picturesque description of the negroes dancing to the Banshaw; which is a rude sort of guitar, producing a wild, pleasing, melancholy sound. This instrument has been found in several islands of the Indian ocean, probably brought thither by the Arabs; and may, at least by poetical licence, be supposed to have passed to the Ladrões.

Ab!



“ Ah! robber, robber, dare not, dare not press

Page 25. Verse 5.

Iste sinus meus est: mea turpiter oscula sumis.

A mihi promisso corpore tolle manus.

Improbe! tolle manus——

Promisit pater hanc: sed et haec juravit amanti.

Sed propior certe quam pater ipsa sibi est.

Ovid. Epist. Acontius Cydippæ.

Pensive, alone, with tardy pace I go,

Page 26. Verse 16.

SOLO, e pensofo, i più deserti campi,

Vo misurando, a passi tardi e lenti;

E gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti,

Dove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.

Petrarca Sonetto xxviii.

More rapid roll, thou flaming star of day!

Page 27. Verse 1.

LOVERS of Italian poetry will, perhaps, observe that an imitation of the general manner of Petrarch is here intended; though no particular passage of that poet is pointed at.—Agreeable to the taste of his age, Petrarch sings the passion of love in a tone very different from that of Tibullus or Propertius; but, let critics say what they will, he fails not, however, to please, and even to interest in no contemptible degree. He has, no doubt, many faults, as might have been expected in so early a writer; but, inventor, in a barbarous age, of a new species of poetry, the sweetness, the propriety, the delicacy of his expressions, charming the ear and pleasing the fancy, at last, insensibly, captivate the heart.

Now



Now with conflicting strife of passions, tost,  
I seek of Meillerie the savage coast.

Page 27. Verse 11.

AFTER the dream of the Veil so dreadful and so pathetic, and conceived with such strength of fancy that it is impossible to read it without trembling, it was no easy matter to imagine a proper dream for St. Preux. This, however, has been attempted. As the author had in his eye the dream of Orlando in the eight Canto of Ariosto, from which he has taken several circumstances; and as that poem is not in every hand, the reader will not be displeased to find the passage subjoined.

STAN. LXXIX.

Già in ogni parte gli animanti lassi  
Davan riposo a' travagliati spirti;  
Chi sù le piume, e chi sù i duri fassi,  
E chi sù l'erbe, e chi sù faggi, o mirti.  
Tu, le palpebre, Orlando, a pena abbassi,  
Punto da tuoi pensieri acuti, ed irti;  
Nè quel sì breve, e fuggitivo sonno  
Godere in pace anco lasciarti ponno.

LXXX.

Parea ad Orlando, sù una verde riva,  
D'odoriferi fior tutta depinta,  
Mirare il bello avorio, e la nativa  
Porpora, ch'avea Amor di sua man tinta;  
E le due chiare stelle, onde nutriva  
Nelle rete d'Amor l'anima avvinta;  
Io parlo de be' gli occhi, e del bel volto,  
Che gli hanno il cor di mezzo il petto tolto.

LXXXI.

Sentia il maggior piacer, la maggior festa,  
Che sentir possa alcun felice amante;

M

Ma



Ma ecco ! intanto uscire una tempesta,  
 Che struggea i fiori, ed abbattea le piante.  
 Non sene fuol veder simile a questa,  
 Quando giostra Aquilone, Austro, e Levante.  
 Pareva che per trovar qualche coperto,  
 Andasse errando in van per un deserto.

## LXXXII.

Intanto l'infelice, (e non fa come)  
 Perde la donna sua per l'aer fosco,  
 Onde di quà, e di là, del suo bel nome  
 Fa risonar ogni campagna e bosco.  
 E, mentre dice indarno, misero me !  
 Chi hà cangiata mia dolcezza in tolco ?  
 Ode la sua donna che gli domanda,  
 Piangendo, aiuto, e se gli raccomanda.

## LXXXVI.

Och ! dove senza me, dolce mia vita !  
 Rimasa sei sì giovane, e sì bella !  
 Come, poichè la luce è dipartita,  
 Riman tra boschi la smarrita agnella ;  
 Che dal pastor sperando esser'udita,  
 Si va lagnando in questa parte, e in quella ;  
 Tanto, che'l lupo l'ode da lontano ;  
 E'l misero pastor ne piange in vano.

## LXXXVII.

Dove, speranza mia ! dove ora sei ?  
 Vai tu soletta forse ancora errando ?  
 O pur t' hanno trovata i lupi rei  
 Senza la guardia del tuo fido Orlando ?

## LXXXIII.

Onde par ch' esca il grido, v'è veloce,  
 E quindi, e quindi s'affatica assai.  
 O quanto è il suo dolor aspro, ed atroce,  
 Che non può rivedere i dolci rai !

Ecco !



Ecco! ch'altronde ode d'altre voci,

“ Non sperar più giorno in terra mai!”

A questo orribil grido risvegliossi,

E tutto pien di lagrime trovossi.

It is in consequence of the impression made by this dream, that Orlando leaves the camp of Charlemagne, to go in quest of his mistress, and meets with those wild and romantic adventures which are still the delight of the common people of Italy; many of whom can repeat by heart entire cantos of *Orlando Furioso*. It is well known that Ariosto is their favourite author.

The rushing Maelstrom's dreadful noise I hear,

Page 30. Verse 6.

“ BESIDE the ebb and flood, there is a current or eddy in the Norway sea called Maelstrom, or Moscoestrom. The island Moscoe, from whence this stream derives its name, lies between the mountain Hesleggin in Lofoden and the island Ver, which are about one league distant; and between the island and coast, on each side, the stream makes it way. Between Moscoe and Lofoden it is 400 fathoms deep; but between Moscoe and Ver it is so shallow as not to afford passage for a small ship. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moscoe with a boisterous rapidity; and when it is ebb, returns to the sea, with a violence and noise unequalled by the loudest cataracts. It is heard at the distance of many leagues, and forms a vortex, or whirlpool of great depth and extent, so violent, that if a ship come near it, it is immediately drawn irresistibly into the whirl, and then disappears; being absorbed and carried down to the bottom in a moment, where it is dashed to pieces against the rocks: and just at the return of ebb and flood, when the water becomes still for about a quarter of an hour, it rises again in scattered fragments scarcely to be known for the parts of a ship. When it is agitated by a storm, it has reached vessels at the distance of more than a Norway mile, where the crews have thought themselves in perfect security.

PERHAPS



PERHAPS it is hardly in the power of fancy to conceive a situation of more horror than of being thus driven forward, by the sudden violence of an impetuous torrent, to the vortex of a whirlpool, of which the noise and turbulence still encreasing as it is approached, are an earnest of quick and inevitable destruction; while the wretched victims in an agony of despair and terror, cry out for that help which they know to be impossible, and see before them the dreadful abyfs into which they are about to be plunged and dashed against the rocks at the bottom.

EVEN animals which have come too near the vortex have expressed the utmost terror when they find the stream irresistible. Whales are frequently carried away; and the moment they feel the force of the water, they struggle against it with all their might, howling and bellowing in a frightful manner. The like happens frequently to bears, who attempt to swim to the island to prey upon the sheep.

IT is the opinion of Kircher that the Maelstrom is a sea-vortex which attracts the flood under the shore of Norway, and discharges it again into the gulf of Bothnia: But this opinion is now known to be erroneous, by the return of the shattered fragments of whatever happens to be sucked down by it. The large stems of firs and pines rise again so shivered and splintered, that the pieces look as if covered with bristles. The whole phenomena are the effects of the violence of the daily ebb and flood, occasioned by the contraction of the stream in its course between the rocks."

*Bishop of Bergen's Natural History of Lapland.*

No sigh for me shall Eloisa heave;  
Page 32. Verse 19.

Quamvis nulla mei superest tibi cura, Neæra,  
Sis felix, et sint candida fata tua.



*Tibullus, Lib. 3. Eleg. 6.*



